And stablish your Religion through the Land.
Cob. Notorious treason! yet I will conceale *aside*
My secret thoughts, to sound the depth of it.
My Lord of Cambridge, I do see your claime,
And what good may redound vnto the Land,
By prosecuting of this enterprize.
But where are men? where's power and furniture
To order such an action? we are weake,
Harry, you know's a mighty Potentate.
Cam. Tut, we are strong enough; you are belou'd,
And many will be glad to follow you,
VVe are the light, and some will follow vs:
Nay, there is hope from France: here's an Ambassador
That promiseth both men and money too.
The Commons likewise (as we heare) pretend
A sodaine tumult, we will ioyne with them.
Cob. Some likely-hood, I must confesse, to speed:
But how shall I beleeue this in plaine truth?
You are (my Lords) such men as liue in Court,
And haue bene highly fauoured of the King,
Especially Lord Scroope, whom oftentimes
He maketh choise for his bedfellow.
And you Lord Gray are of his priuy Counsell:
Is not this a traine laide to intrap my life?
Cam. Then perish may my soule? what thinke you so?
Scr. Weele sweare to you.
Gray. Or take the Sacrament.
Cob. Nay you are Noble men, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by birth, and blood,
So you will be in heart, in thought, in worde.
I craue no other testimony but this.
That you would all subscribe, and set your hands
Vnto this writing which you gaue to me.
Cam. With all our hearts: who hath any pen and inke?
Scr. My pocket should haue one; O, heere it is.
Cam. Giue it me Lord Scroope. There is my name.
Scro.

Scr. And there is my name.
Gray. And mine.
Cob. Sir, let me craue that would likewise writ
name with theirs, for confirmation of your Maisters
the King of France.
Char. That will I Noble Lord.
Cob. So now this action is well knit together,
And I am for you; where's our meeting, Lords?
Cam. Heere if you please, the tenth of Iuly next.
Cob. in Kent? agreed. Now let vs in to supper,
I hope your honors will not away to night.
Cam. Yes presently, for I haue farre to ride,
About soliciting of other friends.
Scro. And we would not be absent from the Cou
Least thereby grow suspition in the King.
Cob. Yet taste a cup of wine before ye go.
Cam. Not now my Lord, we thank you: so farw
Cob. Farewell my Noble Lords. My Noble Lord
My noble villaines, base Conspirators,
How can they looke his Highnesse in the face,
Whom they so closely study to betray?
But Ile not sleepe vntill I make it knowne.
This head shall not be burthen'd with such though
Nor in this heart will I conceale a deede
Of such impiety against my King.
Madam, how now?

Enter Harpoole and the rest.

L. Cobh. Y'are welcome home, my Lord:
Why seeme ye so disquiet in your lookes?
What hath befalne you that disturbes your minde
L. Powis. Bad newes I am afraid touching my h
Cob. Madam, not so: there is your husbands par
Long may ye liue, each ioy vnto the other.
La. Po. So great a kindnesse, as I know not how
reply, my sense is quite confounded.
Cob. Let that alone: and Madam stay me not,